will be buried out of sight. That is why I tell you to learn to carry yourselves like soldiers and men, to march and maneuver, and to learn what is to remain of the manual of arms last of all.

I promised you a "course of sprouts," and this is one, depend upon it, that will

1. PRIVATE. 2. OFFICER.

have made material changes in your membership. Boys who started with you enthusiastically will have dropped out before the company is a month old, unable to stand the racket. But every young fellow of grit and determination will have stuck to the work, and by the time he has had a month of the setting-up drill, etc., will admit that he feels like a different person entirely.

Now I will assume that when you started you had perhaps forty-five names on the roll—that is about what my last boy company mustered. One month of setting-up drill, balance-step and facings has reduced the number to thirty-five, and some of the thirty-five would gladly quit if they did not fear being laughed at for want of grit. Of course the boys who have dropped out are doing what they can to induce others to follow them, that is human nature and boy nature the world over. But I will assume again that there are thirty-five who remain steadfast, who stand up to their work like little men, and perhaps bring in a few recruits. We will say that it is evident that that number at least will hang together; that three months have gone by and you are being rapidly initiated into company movements; now you want your uniforms and are entitled to them, and the question is, what shall they be?

PARADE REST.

The swallow-tailed coat for soldiers is a relic of the Waterloo days, and never had an excuse for its existence. The frock, or tunic, is soldierly and sensible, but by long odds the nattiest and most soldierly dress worn by boy or man is the sack coat, or so-called "blouse," cut close to the figure. It is in shape just like the undress uniform of officers of the regular service, and it ought to be cut and made by a military tailor. Ninety-nine out of 100 civilian tailors will make it all stomach and no chest; whereas, if you have been properly taught and have observed the teaching, you will be modeled just the other way—thin in flank, but big of chest. Ask your instructor, if he is a "regular," and has a blouse cut by Hatfield or Brooks of New York, to let you take it to the tailor who is to make your uniforms; let him see how there is abundant room for chest development and expansion, and for the full free use of the arms: how neatly it fits about the neck; how trimly it outlines the figure. Have this coat made of dark navy blue flannel, lined. Your trousers cut moderately loose of the same material; a dark blue forage cap, made by such a firm as H. V. Allien, or Boylan, or Whitlock of New York, or Lilley of Columbus, Ohio. It must be natty and well shaped or the effect is bad: and here you will have a trim, soldierly suit. Add to this white Berlin gloves, white webbing waist and shoulder belt with plain plate and a pair of laced canvas leggings, and you will have a uniform that will set you off to better advantage than all the plumes, tall coats or colored facings in creation. The white webbing belts have been worn by the cadets at West Point for three-quarters of a century. They wash like a collar and always can be made to look spotless and snowy. This being your cadet uniform, your drill by squad and company being well advanced, your instructor having given most of the boys opportunities to act as chiefs of platoon, as right or left guide, as file-closers, etc., now, and not until now, when you are perhaps six months old as a company, you may begin to make out your election papers and see who shall be your officers.

DOUBLE TIME.

And now is the time think as men, not as boys. The tendency of young fellows in the selection of their officers is to choose some popular leader and make him their captain. But by the time that you have been drilling three or four months, it may be that your popular leader has shown that he hasn't stamina enough to persevere in the work; that he is tired of the monotony and routine. It is more than possible that other boys, quiet fellows who haven't had much to say hitherto, who have always been active in sports, but silent in general conversation, have turned out to have far more soldierly qualifications and to have done better as platoon commanders, or as guides, than any of the more popular fellows among you. Consider this well; think of the boys who have been sturdy, independent, manly and truthful always. Boys whom you have looked up to with a feeling of respect, even when, perhaps—like boys—you have ridiculed what you have seen fit to call their "straight-laced" behavior; in nine cases out of ten such young fellows make better officers and more reliable soldiers than the hail-fellow-well-met companions of your daily life and associations. Pick out for captain one who has shown an aptitude for drill, and whom you all respect. Choose for your lieutenants two bright, quick, keen young fellows, who have made first-rate platoon commanders. And now, boys, we come to the office that, in my opinion, next to the captain is by long odds the most important in the company—it is that of first sergeant, or as he used to be called up to the time of the war of the rebellion, the orderly sergeant. Your instructor will have told you how very important it is that only a thorough soldier should be selected for this position. Look around among your comrades, pick out a boy who is soldierly in every act and word, quick as a flash, fearless, independent, and who will not hesitate to speak his mind to any man in the ranks who may be inattentive or careless. With a good captain and a good first sergeant you are sure of having a good company, even though the material of which it may be composed is rather poor, and I feel morally certain that the material that you have, if you have stood to your work through three months or six months of setting-up drill, must be unusually good. Be particularly careful whom you select for captain and first sergeant. In choosing your second sergeant or left guide, get a boy if possible about the height of the first sergeant, and one who is capable of filling his place occasionally. The other three sergeants and the corporals select from the boys who have been devoted to their duty, prompt, punctual and reliable; and you will have, take it all in all, a well officered company. Now, of course, there will be some who are much disappointed in not having been elected to wear the stripes or chevrons. Patience and perseverance will overcome everything. Stick to your work, I would say to such young fellows, and your promotion is sure to come; and that ends my lecture on this subject. In my own boy company here we had thirty who stood to their guns to the last, and among them are now some of the finest captains and lieutenants that we ever had in the national guard of this state; and our best drilled company is commanded by a young fellow who five years ago was going through his setting-up drill in the ranks of the Cadet Light Infanty.

CHARLES KING, Captain, U. S. A.

OVER SEAS.

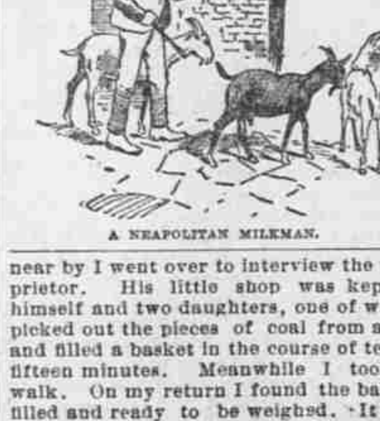
Some Experience of an American Family Settling Down for the Winter.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

N rooms so pleasant it seemed as if we might have our little family circle and enjoy our own home life, even in a hotel and in a foreign city. We had our breakfast served in our apartments: coffee, hot milk, fresh eggs, excellent rolls, and butter, brought in by quiet and efficient waiters at ten minutes' notice. Lunch was at 12:30 and dinner at 6:30 at the table d'hote, where we met all sorts of people of several nationalties, and made some agreeable acquaintances. There was a salon, or with drawing-room, which we did not much frequent; it was small, ill-ventilated and cold. There was seldom a fire in it; or if there was you had to look carefully around the room to find the little square iron box in which the handful of burning charcoal was contained. The tawdry elegance of the room did not compensate for its lack of comfort.

Having decided to remain where we were, we set about making our own apartment as cozy as circumstances would permit. By a little changing about of furniture we brought sofas and easy chairs into inviting proximity, with a center-table for books and papers and the evening lamp. We had begun with candles furnished by the hotel at a half penny each. These we followed with others furnished by ourselves at three cents ecah. But cheeriness required a lamp; so we bought one, with a quart can, which the porter filled for us as often as we wished. And here I may as well say a word about kerosene oil in Italy. It all comes from America, and costs four times as much at retail as it does there. The uniform price is fourteen cents a quart, and it is not much cheaper bought in larger quantities. Retailers make so little on it that they add to profits by diluting it with some cheaper fluid. When it was introduced here a few years ago, it was sold at a very low figure, and became at once popular. Small, inexpensive lamps were also introduced, and the poorest families bought them. Here was a light, come from America, which was so much cheaper and better than candles! Then the price of oil went up, and was taxed by the government and controlled by a monopoly; people must buy it at the new rates or go without. The result is that American kerosene, even at fifty-six cents a gallon, is now burned by almost everybody in Naples.

But to us the essential thing for cheer and comfort was a fire. The hotel would furnish that. But finding that I could buy English coal at a coal and wood yard



A NEAPOLITAN MILKMAN.

near by I went over to interview the proprietor. His little shop was kept by himself and two daughters, one of whom picked out the pieces of coal from a bin and filled a basket in the course of ten or fifteen minutes. Meanwhile I took a walk. On my return I found the basket filled and ready to be weighed. It was attached to clumsy steelyards, and these were suspended from a wooden bar, supported on the shoulders of the daughter at one end and of the proprietor at the other. Occasionally it was lowered while the proprietor stooped to put on one or two pieces more of coal, or to take off one, or to exchange one for another in adjusting the weight. This was half a quintal, with an allowance of three pounds for the basket; price, two pounds and a half—at the rate about $20 a ton.

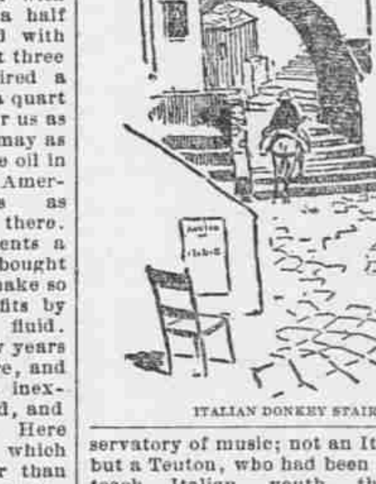
To this I added twenty-five small fagots for kindlings, at a cost of five cents, saw them bound upon the top of the basket, and supposed my concentrated machine was ready for delivery. Not at all. There was not a laborer in the yard, and the proprietor, standing at the gate, began to look up and down for one. As no one appeared, or came at his whistle (the Neapolitans have a significant "sst" when they wish to call anyone), I took another little walk. Returning in ten minutes I found a young fellow ready to shoulder my basket and follow me to the hotel with it, where it was delivered in our room about an hour after I had ordered it. I was beginning to think I might as well let the hotel furnish my fuel at five or six times the actual cost. But having learned the dealer's way or doing business, and about how much the basket would hold, I did not deem it necessary afterward to see it weighed, but gave my orders and left him and his girls to take their time.

We now experienced the advantage of keeping our little family together and of having indoor occupations during a portion of the time. We had not left our home behind us; we had brought it with us to Italy. The contrast between our quiet and the headlong rush of tourists "doing" one thing and then hastening to "do" another made us all the more contented with our own method. Some had but a limited amount of time and money, and yet wished to see everything. Others were anxious about their families, and kept themselves and their friends in a constant worry about letters and telegrams and imaginary ills at home. A feverish restlessness hurried some along. After a few days of strenuous sight-seeing the most interesting places have no more interest for them; and with their souvenirs and photographs they were gone. It seemed as if their chief object was to carry away a few purchases, to have afterwards to show where they had been; contented with the most superficial observations, and mere staying to enjoy or to assimilate, stopping at anything. They were like so many Wondering Jews. How much less bother to visit fewer places, or to try to see fewer things in a place. Better still to remain as long in a place as you like, quietly absorb it, and then move on in a business way to the next.

To make this pleasant and profitable, it is well to have some object in view besides mere sight-seeing. Without inward resources, the tourist shut up in his hotel in bad weather is in torment. He curses the country, or his own folly in having gone to it. Very likely he leaves it in disgust, and carries away from it the falsest impressions. We foresaw the advantages of a different course, and our experience proved it.

The girls kept up their French studies, reading and translating the language while they were learning to speak it. Their diaries and letters gave them at the same time the best practice in English composition. They had made some beginning in drawing, of which they were passionately fond and wished to go on with. We accordingly applied to an American lady, our hospitable neighbor, herself an accomplished artist, who would be sure to know of a good teacher, and met with a delightful surprise. She was about beginning a course of lessons to her own daughter, and would Gabrielle and Estelle like to join and make up a little class? Of course, they would like nothing better, and the class was formed. Lessons once a week, and drawing practice at home or in the streets and suburbs took up a good deal more of their time. Then there was their music.

As Estelle had studied the violin at home under a teacher of the German method, we had not intended to employ for her an Italian professor, The lady I have just mentioned who had found an excellent teacher for her daughter, invited us to be present at a lesson, and to hear him play. We went, saw, heard, and were delighted. He proved to be a fine teacher and a composer of some note—Professor Dvorsak, at the head of the violin department in the Naples con-



ITALIAN DONKEY STAIRS.

servatory of music; not an Italian at all, but a Teuton, who had been imported to teach Italian youth the art of Paganini. His method was the method of Joachim; he had skill and experience, and he spoke French. We considered it a piece of rare good fortune that he could give Estelle two lessons a week; and we lost no time in securing him. Even little Ariel was never at a loss for amusement within doors. He, too, had a passion for drawing, and he would often put aside his other playthings to take up his pencil. A favorite subject with him was Vesuvius, which he drew over and over again; he was especially strong in making the smoke at the top. Although in his sixth year, we had never taken any pains to teach him the alphabet; but he learned the letters by drawing them first and inquiring their names afterwards.

Meanwhile we saw, of course, the principal sights which everybody sees in Naples, and enjoyed almost daily walks and drives. The weather for the first two or three weeks was superb; a sort of Indian summer continued to midwinter. But then came cold and rainy days; often Vesuvius and the Appenines would be heavy with snow, and twice we had a few flying flakes in the city. Still, between showers, we managed to have our little occasional excursions, and I, at any rate, would go to the villa and the seashore, or take a ramble on the Corso victor Emanuel, and enjoy the magnificent panorama of ever-changing views, almost every morning or afternoon.

Naples is full of novel sights and sounds, of which we never wearied. It extends from the bay up the mountain sides, and many streets are so steep as to be inaccessible to vehicles. Foot passengers ascend and descend by stone stairs, which are often built broad for accommodation of donkeys. It is astonishing to see what burdens these patient little animals will bear with sure feet up the long, narrow flights of "donkey stairs." Now they are well packed panniers of vegetables, which a peasant is peddling from door to door, with loud cries; now it is a load of goods, marvelously balanced and bound to the creature's back; or it may be enormous bundles of long, slender faggots, which so hides the donkeys beneath that they look to be mere moving brush heaps when seen from above.

Its situation on the mountain sides affords wonderful views of the city or the sea from the innumerable points, and gives to Naples an airy picturesque aspect. The streets are generally very narrow, while the buildings are lofty; looking up at their many-storied fronts, you perhaps, hastily conclude that an athelete might without difficulty leap across from roof to roof. The houses are of a pleasing style of architecture, however, covered generally with a light color en stucco; and the narrowness of the streets, so far from rendering them gloomy, serves a useful purpose in keeping them cool and shady in summer. Nearly every window has its balcony, story above story, so that the houses have the appearance of hanging out numerous ornamental iron cages.

Quite as curious as the donkeys are the flocks of goats which are driven into the city morning and evening to be milked at the doors. With their tinkling bells, their quick, light walk or lighter trot, and with their peasant drivers they form one of the most characteristic sights of Naples. Each goat seems to know the door or gateway at which it is to be milked; it stops, while its companions canter away to the nearest garbage pile, which they nibble, till they are driven away again or another is called to take its turn at the milk can. Sometimes a customer lets down by a string, from the fifth or sixth story, a basket with a cup or mug in it and a little money, and draws it circumspectly tip again over the intervening balconies after the milker had filled the dish. Occasionally a goat is taken up several flights of stairs within the house to be milked at the apartment door of a particular customer. It would seem as if one might in this way make sure of getting unadulterated milk. Yet, there is a story of a lady who had her milk delivered in this fashion, and congratulated herself on its purity, until she one morning discovered that for every stream the goatherd milked into the bowl he also let in a spirt of water from a rubber tube that ran up his sleeve to a hidden bag under his arm.

[Copyrighted, 1889, by the Author]

"LIJER."

By Tom P. Morgan.

[Copyrighted 1890 by the Author.]

ITH one exception, the members of the Baxter household were honest and upright. Though life had been something of a struggle with them since Mr. Baxter's death, they had met their trials bravely, and after each day of struggling, when night settled down over the little weather-beaten house under the tall cottonwood tree, they could go to rest with the simple satisfaction that they had done their best.

The day was fast approaching when, the time of residence required by the government having been fulfilled, the homestead claim would be their own. Their small crops, cultivated as well as a boy whose will was greater than his ability could cultivate them, were sufficient for their modest needs, and if their means were scanty their wants were carefully kept down to them.

They owed no one. They hated no one, unless it might be Indian Jim, the worthless half-breed, whose chief fondness was for dirt, begging and stealing, three things that the Baxters, with one exception, abominated. They feared no one, except, perhaps, some of the pompous, straight-backed officers of the prairie military post of Fort Beal, three miles away, and of these the younger Baxters, with the same single exception, stood more in awe than fear.

Mrs. Baxter was a quiet, painstaking woman, who worked hard to make both ends meet in the humble household. Dobby was an old-mannish chap, who did his best to fill his father's place. And little Martha was faithful at her tasks, helping at the dishwashing, mending and sweeping, and dropped seeds for Dobby's planting, fed the chickens, and assisted at whatever else her hands found to do.

But there was one inmate of the little weather-beaten house, who, though evidently considering himself one of the family, took no care to emulate probity that marked their daily life, and apparently feared neither the law nor the commandments. This was "Lijer," who was far from being saintly, in spite of the patriarchial name he bore, a doubtful sort of a compliment to the Bible story of Elijah and the ravens. As Dobby did not known the names of any of the ravens, he compromised and did the next best thing by calling the little crow Elijah.

From the very first, Lijer's appearance was against him. Even when actuated by as good intentions as ever a crow had, he looked the rascal. Even when Dobby took him from the parent nest, an ugly, almost featherless little wretch, his most prominent attribute, like that of a scoundrelly lawyer, was his bill.

His voice at that time was a harsh, complaining "whauruk," and his delight, next to eating, seemed to be in exercising it as near continually as possible. He was a shameless gormandizer even when so small that he could scarcely wabble about, and the only way to quiet his cries and his appetite was to stuff him so full of dough that for the time being he was past all wabbling.

One day, when half grown, he was caught by the old rooster in the act of stealing dough from the chickens and set upon and so severely drubbed before Dobby could come to the rescue that one of his legs was broken. This healed rapidly, but in a fashion that caused him to forever walk with a swagger that made him look all the more rascally.

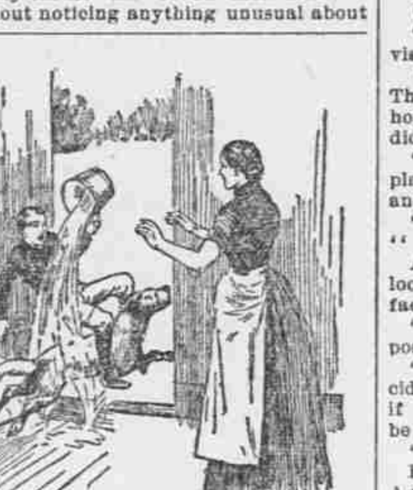
As he progressed to full-grown crowhood, he developed more queer villainies than it seemed possible for his small brain to father. In the matter of voice, whatever Lijer lacked in quality he made up in quantity. Besides the "caw," common to all crows, he acquired various notes and modulations expressive of wrath, impatience, satisfaction, and delight, and what might have been called a kind of laugh, a harsh, strident "whoor-hoor-h-a-a-!"

At feeding times when his rations of dough and meat scraps were placed before him, he seemed the soul of liberality to the guileless chicks who would gather, a half-fearful and always hungry circle, about him. Lijer would assure them of his pacific intentions by sundry inviting chucks and murmurings and a look of total harmlessness that would entice the boldest of them to the feast. He would appear the model host till a chicken got just where he wanted him, and then the crow would give him such a whack with his big bill that it was a wonder that the victim's unsuspicious brains were not knocked out, and with a great shout and flapping send the chicks scuttling away as if for dear life. This was repeated many times, the chickens never seeming to acquire wisdom by sad experience, even the unfortunate who had been nearly scalped on the previous day appearing to have forgotten already where he got his sore head.

Lijer seemed to derive much satisfaction from enticing the passing wild crows to the homestead by seductive and inviting caws from the top of the tall cottonwood and then treating his guests very shabbily. When several of them would gather within hearing distance he would harangue them loudly, perhaps upon the error of their ways. The visitors, with heads atilt, would listen with solemn intentness as if to the words of an oracle, and the lecture would go on till the appearance of some one from the house would frighten the strangers away, when the patriarch in the tree top would send after them a derisive "Whoor-hoor-ha-a-a!"

A sad thief was Lijer. It seemed that if there was an honest bone in his black body it must be a very small one. It was believed by the Baxters that the only things safe from his dishonest bill were those so large and heavy that they were beyond his ability to lug off. For metal objects, especially if they were bright, he had the greatest liking. Mrs. Baxter's thimble would disappear, to be perhaps found in some odd corner or crevice. Spools of thread were to be discovered poked into the bedding, in the kindling box, behind the wash bench, out of doors under big chips, and goodness knows where else.

Part of a paper of tacks left carelessly about one day attracted Lijer's attention, and he made a number of trips between it and the bread sponge that Mrs. Baxter left on the table all ready for the oven when a neighbor dropped in. After the departure of the caller the housewife hastily thrust the bread into the oven without noticing anything unusual about



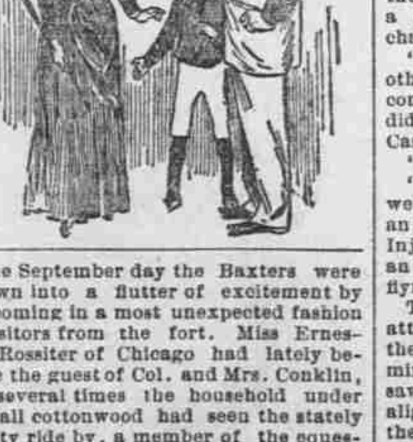
it. Upon getting the loaf at supper she was astonished to see one end of it plentifully studded with tacks.

Lijer dearly loved to get at a well-filled pincushion, from which he would extract the pins one by one and thrust them into some convenient receptacle. One night after the prophet unbeknown to any one had robbed the pincushion, Dobby was considerably surprised, if not delighted, to find upon going to bed his pillow carefully bestuck with pins.

One winter's day old Mr. Hanson "sorta drapped in," as he expressed it, and was sitting beside the stove retailing the scanty gossip of the neighborhood, while his dog, faithful Tyler, was comfortably curled up before the fire. Lijer was swaggering about looking for an opportunity for displaying his peculiar talents, when a live coal popped out of the grate. Like a flash he snapped it up in his hard bill and inserted it into the dog's ear. Poor Tyler sprang up with a terrible howl and dashed between the legs of his master, who had just risen to take his departure, nearly standing the old gentleman on his head, and sprang out of the door, colliding with Dobby, who was just bringing in a bucket of water. The bucket went flying, half drenching the boy, and the dog scuttled away, yelping mournfully, followed by Lijer's triumphant "Whoor-hoor-ha-a-a-a!"

But, in spite of all his villainies, Lijer had one redeeming trait. This was his fondness for Dobby, whom he loved with all his rascally little heart. It was Dobby who had fed him when he was a helpless gormand and rescued him from the rooster and bound up his broken leg and nursed him tenderly. It was Dobby who saved him from many unpleasant scrapes usually brought upon himself by his own rascality, and it was Dobby, too, who petted and pranked with him, and it was upon Dobby that he lavished all the affection that was in him.

He would swagger around after the boy at his tasks, investigating everywhere, sticking his nose into everything, often hindering sadly while intending to be helpful, and all the time murmuring to his master in crow language. He seemed to deem nothing too good for Dobby, and often when the lad was sitting quietly the crow would hop up into his lap and pop into a pocket or a fold of his jacket one of his choicest steals, and then back away as proud as a peacock when Dobby found and accepted the gift, usually some small article that had been missing from the house and accordingly charged to Lijer, though perhaps no one had seen him steal it. And when tired of pranking the crow would hop up on Dobby's shoulder and mutter and mumble in his ear and then drop off to sleep with his head against the boy's cheek.



One September day the Baxters were thrown into a flutter of excitement by the coming in a most unexpected fashion of visitors from the fort. Miss Ernestine Rossiter of Chicago had lately become the guest of Col. and Mrs. Conklin, and several times the household under the tall cottonwood had seen the stately beauty ride by, a member of the equestrian party from the post. To-day her escort was blonde-mustached and eye-glassed Lieut. Lemon, just from West Point, a gentleman of apparently tremendous importance in his own mind.

How it came about does not matter, but, when a little way from the Baxter homestead, the lady's horse stumbled, giving her a painful and most ungraceful tumble, bruising her somewhat and giving her dignity a sad shock. This was truly unfortunate, for, upon this particular day, she had arrayed herself with unusual care for the purpose of impressing the officer.

That gentleman came gallantly to the rescue and supportrd her tenderly to the house where Mrs. Baxter, in a high state of flutterment, did her best to administer to the needs of her unexpected guest. The lady's shoulder was abraded and lamed and one of her hands considerably bruised. Mrs. Baxter was ready with linen cloths and home made liniment, Dobby thoughtfully brought a pitcher of cool water from the spring, and little Martha rendered what assistance lay within her power.

Miss Rossiter was almost astonished when Mrs. Baxter refused payment for her kindness and seemed half hurt that it had been offered. These prairie people were hardly barbarians after all, the the lady decided. Even the lieutenant to whom she whispered this agreed with her and was almost gracious to Dobby and Martha who stood in manifest awe of this very important appearing officer, who walked as erect as if he had swallowed a poker whole and had as yet failed to digest it.

So busy was Dobby with his helpfulness that he forgot to wonder what had become of Lijer and what rascality might be keeping him out of sight.

Presently the guests were ready to depart, and they had almost reached the door, the lady clinging to the officer's arm, when she gave a little cry of remembrance:

"My diamond ring! I placed it on the little stand near the window when my hand was about to be bandaged."

But the ring was not there! Mrs. Baxter looked carefully about the floor but no ring appeared.

"I—I—" she began, looking worried and half frightened.

"I placed it there," said Miss Rossiter. "It has been stolen!"

"Do you mean that—"

"It has been stolen!" repeated the visitor. "I feel sure that boy stole it!"

"I never! I never?" cried Dobby. The idea of thus being accused set his honest heart to beating wildly. "I didn't see your ring at all, ma'am!"

"You must have seen it when you placed the pitcher of water on the stand, and—"

"But I didn't!" protested Dobby. "'Deed an' double, I didn't!"

And the pompous-appearing officer looked into the lad's honest, troubled face and felt that he told the truth.

"Miss Rossiter," he began, "isn't it possible—"

"No, sir!" interrupted that lady, decidedly. "That boy stole my ring, and if he does not return it instantly, must be arrested."

"I didn't, 'deed an' double—"

Little Martin burst into a howl of fear. A rough-looking man was just stepping in at the open doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Cash, you won't arrest Dobby?" cried the child. "Please don't?"

"'Rest Dobby?" snorted the newcomer. "Wal, I reckon not. Sorter dropped in to see if you folks had noticed Injun Jim sneakin' yerabouts. He—"

"Are you an officer?" questioned Miss Rossiter.

"Yes, mom, constable. Name's Cash. What—"

"Arrest that boy," the lady commanded, "unless he instantly returns my diamond ring, which he has just stolen."

"Oh, don't arrest Dobby; please don't," cried little Martha.

"My boy would not steal," said Mrs. Baxter, bravely. "Dobby is a good boy."

Her chin quivered as she spoke. Little Martha was almost choking with sobs, and Dobby was very close to the crying point. The idea of being arrested seemed very terrible to these honest souls.

The lieutenant looked several times as if on the point of speaking, but refrained. Miss Rossiter was the guest of his commanding officer, and must not be offended.

"Mom," began the constable, "I don't reckon Dobby'd—"

"Will you or will you not arrest him?" interrupted the lady impatiently.

"I s'pose I'll hafto," admitted the constable, reluctantly, "if you make a complaint, but you'll hafto go before 'Squire Ashburn. But I don't believe—"

"What you believe or do not believe has nothing to do with the case. The ring must be returned at once, or—"

"I haven't got it," cried Dobby.

"Then it must be paid for! It cost my father $250, and—

"We have no money—" began poor Mrs. Baxter.

"Mr. Constable, do your duty! These people—"

And then there was wailing in the little weather-beaten house. Martha just simply howled, Mrs. Baxter broke down, and even Dobby sniffed a little.

"I'll haf to do my duty, Dobby," said the constable. "But I don't believe you're guilty."

"Neither do I," said the straight-backed lieutenant, suddenly.

There was a fluttering sound at the door, and Lijer, the prophet, staggered in, looking as if he had been very hardly used. Some of his feathers were out, and others looked as if they had been ruffled the wrong way. One wing dragged as if broken, and as he staggered feebly across the room to Dobby he left a few spots of blood on the floor. At the boy's feet he stopped, unable to hop into his lap, but he held up his bill, and in it glistened the lost diamond ring. As Dobby took the jewel the prophet uttered a feeble "Whoor-hoor-ha-a-a!" of satisfaction and settled down on the floor completely exhausted.

"My ring!" cried Miss Rossiter. "How——"

Skimpy Jackson and little Joe Rizden slid in at the open door.

"We've brung back the lady's hoss," said the foremost. "He's tied out to the fence, an' I reckon it's worth 'bout a halfer dollar, bein's we've be'n chasin' him for the last halfanour."

"Oh, you've got Lijer," said the other, as soon as the first speaker had concluded. "We told Injun Jim if he didn't let the crow alone we'd tell Mr. Cash on him!"

"What do you mean?"

"Wal, while we was chasin' the hoss we saw Injun Jim sneak away from here an' Lijer flyin' along after him. The Injun took to the gully in a little while, an' we couldn't see him, but Lijer kept flyin' along above as if follerin' him."

The boy proceeded that, owing to their attention being taken up with the horse, they had forgotten the crow for a few minutes. When they looked again they saw him flying out of a thicket and alight in the top of a small tree. Then the Indian appeared, and they saw him fire a shot from his revolver at Lijer, and saw the prophet tumble from his perch and alight in the big fork of the tree, high above the Indian's head. They shouted the threat to inform Mr. Cash, which seemed to frighten the Indian, for he plunged into the gully and disappeared. As soon as they captured the horse, it was their intention to go with Dobby to the rescue of the crow. Before the story was done Constable Cash had rushed away in pursuit of Injun Jim.

"The explanation is simple," said the straight-backed lieutenant. "The half-breed, in sneaking toward the gully, approached the house and looked in at the window, in hope that there might be an opportunity to steal something, and discovered and took the ring. The crow, guided perhaps by subtle intelligence, followed him, and as the Indian stopped to gloat over his prize in the gully swooped down and snatched it away from him. Who will say that he was not a hero in dragging his broken wing all this long way home, enduring all this agony, that he might lay his trophy at his master's feet?"

"Lieutenant," said Miss Rossiter shortly, "we must go. Mrs. Baxter, how much do I owe you for the inconvenience I have caused you?"

"Nothing," answered Dobby's mother. "Money cannot pay for suffering; good-bye!"

Skimpy and Joe followed the lady and the officers out to the horses. Presently Skimpy came back.

"When the woman wasn't lookin'," he said, "that pompous feller handed me this and whispered for me to give it to Dobby."

"This" was a bright gold piece.

That was last autumn. Lijer's broken wing healed long ago, but it droops a little, making him look more rakish and rascally than ever.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE TANGLER.

Divers Enigmas and Odd Conceits for Bright Wits to Work Out.

Any Communications Intended for This Department Should be Addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.

58.—Anagram.

A printer said, "I can machine;"
All printers know what this must mean,
And yet this craftsman did not claim
To be a *whole*, 'twas not his aim.
A *whole* must be well versed in rules
Required for skillful use of tools,
Must be an artist in his line
Who can invent, construct, combine
In such a way that when complete
The product will be something neat.
If he constructs a clock or watch
It must not show a flaw or botch;
An engine or a coffeemill
Alike will show his handy skill.

NELSONIAN.

57.—Conundrums.

I.

Why is it that a baseball pitcher's like
An angry father, whose unruly son,
Provokes that parent often hard to strike
Him, for some evil deed that he has done?

II.

Now, should this baseball pitcher chance to hit
The one who wields the bat a stunning blow,
Why is he like the careless cook, a bit,
When frying buckwheat pancakes, do you know?

CHAS. I. HOUSTON.

59.—A Domino Puzzle.

E |	K | E	M | I	C | A
I |	K | E	W | I	M | A
R |	R | E	D | O	M | A
O |	S | E	H | O	T | W
S |	V | E	M | O	T | H
S |	E | L	N | O	W | H
W |	E | S	W | O	R | D

Cut out twenty-eight pieces of cardboard the size and shape of dominoes, and write letters on them as shown above (Or lettered pieces of paper may be pasted on the ends of common dominoes, selecting the seven "blanks" for the pieces in the first column). The puzzle is to make the greatest possible number of words at one arrangement of the pieces, placing them end to end. This is illustrated below.

T | H | E | C | A | K | E

B. W. HARRIS.

60.—Charade.

In merry play
The first one day
Was frisking on the heath,
When quick her last
Was captured fast
Between the trap's sharp teeth.

We heard her call,
And hurried all
To set the captive free.
Her last once small,
Puffed out like all
That in the swamp we see.

ETHYL.

61.—Syncopation.

A *whole* is what Belshazzar made,
And Solomon the wise;
Whole of the wicked, Amos said,
Was what he did despise.
Good Ezra did proclaim a *last*,
So did Jehoshaphat;
It seems that in the times gone past
The rulers oft did that.
Though *lasting* may with ease be done
By all who care to try it,
A certain Tanner was the one
To gain distinction by it.

NELSONIAN.

62.—An Endless Chain.

(Words of two syllables, the last syllable of each being the first one of the following word, and the last syllable of the last word being the first one of the first word).

1. A scene in nature. 2. A graceless fellow. 3. An umbelliferous plant. 4. A gardener's tool. 5. Curvated. 6. An Anglo-Saxon name, meaning a guardian of property. 7. Pupilage. 8. A cargo. 9. Magnetic iron. 10. A quarry. 11. A tool for cutting timber. 12. A plant of the rush kind. 13. A color. 14. A northern continent.

OWL.

63.—Decapitation.

The *total* drives cattle or sheep;
The *second* in no place doth keep!
But wanders all *third*,
Like a migrating bird,
And in no settled home does he keep.

BITTER SWEET.

64.—Enigma.

A kind of wound that may be made
With a keen or sharp-pointed blade,
Or a "sly mischief" if you choose—
No matter which of these you use—
They both define a certain word
In kind of way that's not absurd,
Nor hard to guess; but now when we
Reverse the reading, what we see
Is mammals, such as cannot run,
And such as never see the sun.

NELSONIAN.

Answers.

49—Witch, itch; will, ill; fairy, airy, fair; devil, evil, deil; ghost, host; shades, hades.
50—Smitten, mitten.
51—
COMBS
NOOSE
HOUSE
TONES
TITLE
CHAIN
MAIZE
HONES
MASTS
52—Spiritual seance.
53—Snake, sake.
54—1. Merlin. 2. Loon. 3. Thrasher. 4 Harpy. 5. Hobby. 6. Kite.
55—Pot-hook.
56—Solomon (Sol, moon).

Bail[illegible] Aperient, a pleasant [illegible] headache, biliousness, heartburn [illegible] stomach. A specific for constipation, and [illegible] palatable as a glass of soda water.

400 to 1000 Per Cent Profit.

For next sixty days I will exchange valuable patent-right territory for land or other property. If you want a bargain write at once for full particulars to M. B. Wesson, Fort Worth, Texas.

Who would think of writing a poem with a pig pen?—[N. Y. Herald.